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Or, Miscellany of

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A. M. D. G.

THE ANGEL OF CONSOLATION.

BY CANON SCHMID.

Continued from page 455.

CHAPTER VI.

SAD CONSEQUENCES OF NEGLECTING RELIGIOUS EDUCATION.

"How is it," said Virginia, to M. Marcet, as soon as they had left the cottage, "how is it, that there exists in the world a man so degraded as Roger? what a life for this poor woman! what a misery for these little children to have such a father!"

"You see, my child, in Roger, an example of the terrible results that flow from a neglect of religion. For this man there is no curb. He never raises his eyes to heaven: he has contracted vicious habits, and the only object of his life is, to satisfy his desires."

"He must feel the most bitter remorse."

"Perhaps, (for his misfortune), he has stifled all remorse. Roger was born at a most disastrous period —during that revolution, of which you have heard me speak. They then rejected all religion, worship, priests, and churches. The parents of Roger shared in the impious mania, which caused in France such dreadful ravages, and they educated their son in the same manner that so many others were brought up. I am convinced that he has never learnt his catechism, and that he knows neither his prayers, nor the first principles of his faith."

"But, mamma, could we not teach him? Perhaps he would listen with attention to you."

"If he were only *ignorant*, we might hope, my dear friend, to instruct him in a short time, in essentials. But he has a depraved will, which leads him every day into crimes of deeper hue; when a man has not received in his youth a Christian training, when he has never learnt to 'know, love, and serve' his Creator, it is very difficult for him to curb his passion, or repair his faults."

"Happily there are not many such men."

"There are some every where, but the village of Beauval is one of those which suffered particularly in our unhappy revolution. It found there many bad subjects, who, of course received it with alacrity, and gave the firebrand to others. You know to what dreadful excesses they gave themselves up. The church was entirely demolished. I will show you, in one of our walks, the spot where it was built. Since that day, the inhabitants of Beauval have been deprived of the benefit of religious instruction, and I doubt not it is this that causes the licentiousness which pervades it."

"Why, good mamma," said Virginia, "have you chosen such a shameful spot to live in?"

"Ah! my dear Virginia, you know that I chose it only that we might be the more apart from the world. However, had I imagined that we should have been without the benefits of religion, I should assuredly have withdrawn to some other spot. I fear, after all, we shall be obliged to leave it for the winter, for it will be impossible to go to the neighbouring village every Sunday to hear mass."

"Yes, for even now I find very great difficulty in it; and the priest is so old, that we could not hope to see him often at Beauval."

The religious mind of M. Marcet, of course, referred the misfortune last expressed to the just judgments of God. For such is the way in which providence punishes men. They expect, after demolishing their churches and banishing and persecuting their priests, to enjoy happiness and peace. They see the end, but they find that comfort no longer smiles upon their cottages, and that they must needs bedew the earth with the sweat of their brow, no less now than before. But in addition, they have less probity, more depraved morals, less submission, they are more distracted by domestic feuds; no longer do they feel any peace within themselves, any consolation here below, any hope for the future. When they have parted with their pastor, they have lost a wise and experienced counsellor, a trusty friend, a faithful and secure protector, a tender and compassionate father—him, who taught their offspring affection, obedience, and docility, who instructed them in their duties, who blessed their labours, who afforded consolation in their miseries, and who every day offered in their behalf, the "well-beloved Son," before the throne of the Father!

As the two ladies walked along, enjoying each other's conversation, they were suddenly startled by a young herdsman, who was shouting and swearing at some cows which he was bringing home to the farm. The most gross expressions, and the most horrible blasphemies, left his lips almost continually. The presence of the two ladies from the hall, did

not in the least affect him. He appeared to think that there was no other mode of expression. M. Marcet could not contain her generous indignation. "You wicked boy," said she, "do you imagine that these animals cannot be driven home, except by blasphemy?" The youth looked at her with astonishment, without speaking a word. Virginia then advanced, and asked him a few questions. She found that he was fifteen years old, and not only had he never been to communion, but he did not know what communion was. He swore, because he heard his father and his relatives swear during their work. He prayed neither at morning nor at night, because his father and mother never prayed: and, like a brute, he knew no other motive for working and obeying, except the fear of being beaten and maltreated.

They walked along with the peasant, and soon found themselves a long way from the hall. Virginia, who was fatigued, begged her mother to finish their walk, for she felt overpowered with it. M. Marcet noticed with surprise and anxiety, the paleness of her daughter. She gave a little money to the shepherd, begging of him never to swear again; and then telling Virginia to lean upon her arm, they returned home as gently as possible.

CHAPTER VII.

OUR TRUST IN PROVIDENCE IS NEVER VAIN.

Virginia required some days of repose. She had always been weak and sickly, and appeared to have an attack of the disease called "languor." Her mother, after the advice of her physician, had anticipated that residing in the country would have restored her daughter. In fact, the first few days passed very promisingly for her; but, either through too great exercise, or too great buoyancy of spirits, her weakness returned. Her state caused the most lively alarms in M. Marcet, and Virginia in turn was greatly afflicted at the anxiety and uneasiness of her mother. The latter did not quit the bed side of her child for several days. She was, however, soon gratified by an appearance of improvement in Virginia.

At length, assured of her daughter's restoration, she went to see Angelica, and sought, whenever she could, to meet Roger there. That unhappy man had never gone to his work since he had wrested from his wife the five francs. He left his bed late in the morning, and he did not return home till late at night, and then what had his family to expect, but the execrations of a drunken man? The virtuous spouse had every day much to suffer from the brutal treatment of her husband; but she found consolation, by fervent prayer for the author of her woes.

One morning after Roger had left the cabin, Margaret (who had been abused by him,) reproached Angelica anew, and with greater bitterness, for refusing to second her request from M. Marcet. "It will not do," said she, "for you to become obstinate in your misfortune, and seek to render all around you partaker in your afflictions, so long as there are easy means of obtaining peace and tranquillity. Leave, then, your unworthy husband, and hasten not the death of your mother and children, by a continuance of their grief."

Angelica sighed; she cast her eyes upon her little crucifix; she asked for aid from above; for, in truth, there was nothing so afflicted the child, nothing to which she was so sensible as these severe reproaches of the mother.

"You wish me, dearest mother," said she, in tears, "to separate from Roger, if I would stay your death. But I—how can I quit my husband? Ah! if to secure your happiness you must needs live away from our poor cabin, I will join my prayers to yours, in beseeching our tender benefactress to succour you: but, my children—must they too be torn from me? —my dear children?"

At these words James and Annette threw their arms round the neck of their parent; they embraced her, kissing her a thousand times with all their young affection, and said, with emotion, "We will always stay with you—we will never leave you, mother!" Little James said that he was growing old and strong, and that he would soon be able to support the family. Annette would redouble her efforts, and strive to obtain a few more pence every week. In the midst of her sorrows, Angelica had one sweet consolation. What satisfaction did she experience from the affection of her children! They, at least, were good and affectionate; she had not trained their hearts in vain; religion was not lost on them!

This touching scene yet continued, when a cart, heavily laden, stopped before the door of the cottage. James immediately ran out, and soon returned, leaping with joy, and crying out, "We are saved! we are saved!" The cause of their happiness none can fail to discern. The good lady of the hall wished to triumph over Roger's perverseness by kindness, and she sent him a complete set of furniture.

They first took off a large bed; then two small ones; next a chest of drawers, a table, chairs, &c. Margaret seemed pacified, and seemed more pleased with every successive article that was brought in. The children could not be easy; they touched every thing, carried them here, then removed them again. They were astonished at the smoothness of the table, and at the brass handles of the drawers; they would sit on every chair, and lie down on every bed; and they exclaimed every where, "How happy we shall be!"

Angelica was mute with astonishment, admiration, and gratitude. Her first thoughts had been in heaven. She gave thanks to that merciful Providence, which had always sustained her, and in which we can never hope in vain. She felt the most tender regards for M. Marcet, who proved herself so generous a dispenser of the bounties of heaven. She admired the care which had not overlooked even the smallest requisite. Nothing, in effect, was wanting,

and the cottage had suddenly become as perfect as in the days of its happiness.

They disposed every thing in good order, so as to cause an agreeable surpise in Roger: they carried away the straw which served as his couch, and they made his bed comfortable, to be ready for his return. He came home much earlier to-day than ordinary. His late excesses had been most injurious to him; his face and whole frame seemed wasted away, and he could scarcely support himself. As soon as Angelica perceived him she went up to him, and offered her arm as a support for his tottering footsteps. But he drove her from him, with the little strength which yet remained. On seeing the interior of his cottage, he seemed perfectly stricken with astonishment. All eyes were fixed on him, wishing to read in his features the effect which so unlooked for a sight would produce upon him. As he did not speak, Angelica sweetly took his hand and conducted him to his bed. "You seem in pain, Roger," said she, "take a little repose; you will be more comfortable here than upon the straw."

"What is the meaning of all this?" said Roger.

"Our good Lord," replied Angelica, "has not deserted us, but has had pity on us; he has seen our misery, and he has vouchsafed to come to our aid. M. Marcet sent us all, this morning. See, Roger, there is every thing we require in abundance, and we shall no longer want any thing."

Angelica then enumerated every article that was in the cottage: she showed him all the furniture, and spoke to him with a freedom and liveliness unusual with her. "I could not have fancied the woman so good," said Roger. These single words were a consolation to Angelica. It was long since she had ever received a friendly answer from her husband, and already he appeared to her eyes as a changed man. So much do we delude ourselves when we wish any thing with great ardour.

Encouraged by the tone in which Roger had spoken his last words, Angelica continued, "I know not how we can testity our gratitude to M. Marcet; but I think we can do nothing better than pray for her. Roger, let us all say an humble, heartfelt prayer for our benefactress." At these last words she knelt down; the children followed her example. But Roger would not kneel; he cast an eye of pity upon his wife, and threw himself on his bed.

He, at least, did not *prevent* the prayer, and he joined not blasphemy to the benedictions of his family—but the time of trial is not yet over for Angelica—Roger is not yet converted.

(To be continued.)

L. D. S.

St. Bernard being made abbot proceeded at first with such severity and rigour in the reformation of discipline, that though he was greatly respected by his monks, he lost all influence over them; but being admonished by our Lord that he should try what he could do by gentleness and lenity, he followed the inspiration, and with such success, as to gain the affections of all, receiving from them the most perfect obedience.

BLESSED ARE THEY THAT MOURN.

"Oh, deem not they are blest alone
Whose lives a peaceful tenor keep;
The Power who pities man has shown
A blessing for the eyes that weep.

The light of smiles shall fill again
The lids that overflow with tears;
And weary hours of woe and pain
Are promises of happier years.

There is a day of sunny rest
For every dark and troubled night;
And grief may bide an evening guest,
But joy shall come with early light.

And thou, who o'er thy friend's low bier,
Sheddest the bitter drops like rain,
Hope that a brighter, happier sphere,
Will give him to thy arms again.

Nor let the good man's trust depart,
Though life its common gifts deny,
Though with a pierc'd and broken heart,
And spurn'd of men, he goes to die.

For God has marked each sorrowing day,
And number'd every secret tear;
And heaven's long age of bliss shall pay
For all his children suffer here."

Bryant's Poems.

DUTIES, CONSUMPTION, AND REVENUE.

The *London Mercantile Journal* contains remarks on "the rationale of fiscal reductions," which are deserving of attention. Taking tea as an illustration, it shows that the consumption of that article was 33,252,628 lbs. in 1840; while in the year ending July, 1844, it had risen to 40,546,830 lbs. The duty was at both periods the same, viz. 2s. 1d. a lb.; but the selling price of it was in the former year 4s. 7d., while in the latter it was only 3s. 7d. a lb.; and the writer draws from this an inference, which is perfectly just, that a reduction in the price of an article of general consumption is usually more than counterbalanced by the increased demand for it. He goes farther, and lays down the following rule as of universal application, and as worthy, therefore, of being the guide of financiers when considering how far they may safely make reductions in duties:—"*If the diminution of the duty by a simple fractional part cause the consumption to increase by the next greater fractional part,* the revenue will *remain the same.* Thus, if a diminution of the duty by 1-5th causes the consumption to increase by 1-4th; or if a diminution of the duty by 1-6th causes the consumption to increase by 1-5th; or if a diminution of the duty by 1-7th causes the consumption to increase by 1-6th; in all these and similar cases the revenue will remain the same." It is clear, therefore, that wherever a Chancellor of the Exchequer has reason to believe, in reference to any article, that a reduction of duty to a certain extent would, by increasing consumption in a corresponding proportion as above stated, bring him the same amount of revenue as an existing higher duty, he ought to propose such reduction. The writer of the article referred to states, that experience proves the safety of, at this time, reducing the duty on tea 1-5th. We heartily wish Mr. Goulburn would examine his reasoning and adopt his conclusion.—*Leeds Mercury*

NOTITIA MONASTICA.

[The following is appended to the scarce first edition of Sampson Erdeswicke's Survey of Staffordshire, 1717. It was omitted by Dr. Harwood in the second edition, 1820, and again in "a new edition, considerably improved, published a year ago. "Observations upon the Possessors of Monastery-Lands in Staffordshire." By Sir Simon Degge, Knight.

Sir William Dugdale's Attestation:—The original of this brief View of Staffordshire, written by the proper hand of the worthy author, (whence I, William Dugdale, transcribed the preceding copy), being lent to Sir Simon Degge Knt. (a learned Lawyer, and one of the Justices of Assize for North Wilts, after the Restoration of King Charles the Second,) by George Digby, of Sandon, Esq.; upon his return thereof to Mr. Digby, he sent this following letter, viz.:—

Honoured Sir,—I do herewith return your book, (which I hope will come safely to your hands,) and I give you hearty thanks for the perusal of it. Truly I have kept it much longer than I intended; which I was the bolder to do, because you limited me no time of the return, and what between the troubles, and preparation for the term, I had much to get time to peruse it so thoroughly as I desired. In truth it is a worthy work, and 'tis pity some able hand did not continue it and make it public. Had it been so done before Mr. Dugdale did publish his Warwickshire, it would have taken the first place of any in this kind; but in truth for that county he hath done so exceeding well, and so far outgone all others, that he'll discourage all that come after him.

I find some ancient families omitted by Mr. Erdeswick, whether willingly or negligently, I know not; as *Chetwode*, *Port*, *Witghwicke*, *Thietness*, *Staresmore*, *Ralegh* of *Uttoxiter*, *Ashenhurst*, &c. But 'tis a wonder to see, that in sixty years, (it being no more since Mr. Erdeswike wrote this tract), one half, I believe, of the lands in Staffordshire have changed their owners; not so much as of old they were wont, by marriage, as by purchase. And if it were not, that I should tire out your patience, I could give you my conjecture of the reason: but I know the freedom of your disposition so well, that I hope you will pardon this boldness.

The first reason, I conceive to be, for that our ancient Gentry were so guilty of Henry the 8th's sacrilegious robbing the Church, that so mingled Church-Lands with their ancient Inheritances, and 'tis no wonder to see the Eagle's nest on fire that steals flesh from the Altar for her young ones. This very subject would take up a large volume, and besides your own observations of *Sherburn*, with your patience I will give you a little taste of the success these lands have had in Staffordshire; for *Abbey Hilton*, &c. that was given in exchange to Sir *Edward Ashton*, was with much more sold by his son, and where this issue will stay God knows. You know how near to an end it hath brought that family, and as I told Mr. *Hugh Snead*, I fear'd it was a worm in his estate, for it was travelling apace. *De la Cresse* was given to the *Bagnals*, which, like a mushroom, rose on a sudden, and vanished as soon in the first gradation. *Anthony Rudyard* has the *Seyte*, and, as I take it, he is issueless: *Jolley* has *Leeke*, and some other things; how long it will stay there God knows: *Calwich* is next in order, bought by Sir *Richard Fleetwood's* grandfather; how unhappily it prosper'd with the grandson you have seen, and the children of that family have been unfortunate.

Rocester was granted to *Thomas Trentham*, whose son, *Francis*, soon after, so settled it, that he nor any of his sons could alienate it, which if any of them had had power to have done it had been gone; and now 'tis got into a strange family, where it's believed it will not stay half another age.

Croxton is next, which one of the *Fuljambs* had, and died a beggar in a barn, after he had sold it to Sergeant *Harris*, who had a hopeful son, who died soon after the purchase, by which it came into a strange family.

Tutbury was old Mr. *Cavendish's*, the common bull of Derbyshire and Staffordshire, yet died issueless: that still continues in his name; so doth *Burton*, but the son of him that purchased it from the Crown was attainted of treason. The father of this Lord *Pagett* re-purchased it at £700. a year rent; and this has much wasted his estate, no body knows how.

Canwall, you know, has changed his master twice in our time. But to come back to *Trentham*, there have been two successive owners who are both like to die issueless. How *Stone* hath prospered both in the *Collier's* and *Crompton's* hands you have and will see.

Blytheberry hath sped no better; Sir *Thomas* has stayed longest, but the present owner most unfortunate.

To conclude, 'tis my observations that the owners become bankrupts and sell, or else die without issue male, whereby their memories perish. I wish no better success to the sacrilegious purchasers of this age; and sure the same God that has been thus just in his own cause, neither slumbereth nor sleepeth, but will send the same vengeance after it; for lands once given *Deo et Sanctæ Ecclesiæ*, I know no human power that can justly alien.

The next thing that hath been a great ruin to the gentry, is their living and taking pleasure to spend their estates in London, and this they are the less to be pitied in, because it is their own folly; and for the proof of this assertion be pleased to observe with me, that when Mr. Erdeswick writ this tract, there were but three citizens owners of any considerable estates in Staffordshire, *Stauey* at *Norton* Farm, *Offley*, and *Crompton*, the two latter in the sons, the first was the purchaser, and since vanished.

But in these latter sixty years you'll find three Barons, four Baronets, and near twenty that will take it ill if you write them less than Esquires.

For the Barons, there is Lord *Leigh* of *Hampstall Ridware*, *Ward* at *Dudley*, and *Cocken* at *Rocester*.

Baronets, Sir *Edward Mosley* at *Roulston*, Sir *Francis Lawley* at *Stourton Castle* and *Canall*, Sir *Edward Seabridge* at *Prestwood*, and Sir *Edward Boothby* at *Cheadle*.

And from Esquires, Alderman *Drury's* at *Ashton*, Alderman *Bloomfield* at *Barton* and *Blah-hall*, Alderman *Andrews* at *Eccleshall*, Alderman *Pigot's* eldest son at *Stretchay*, Alderman *Wolleston's* son at *Walsall*, Mr. *Watson*, a hosier at *Blythbury*, Mr. *William Wolleston* at *Chebsy*, and *Outcote Grange*, Deputy Alderman *Clark's* son, Lord of *Marchington*, Mr. *Best* at *Perryhall*, and the Deanery at *Wolverhampton*, Mr. *Holland*, Mr. *Bradock's* estate at *Albaston*, Mr. *Offley*, Mr. *Crompton*, Justice *Wood*, Mr. *Miner's* seat and the *Deff* . . . Manor of *Uttoxiter*, Mr. *Hart*, father and son, hosiers at *Uttoxiter*, Mr. *Creswell* at *Barnshurst*, Mr. *Sam. Tyrick* at the Hill, *Fox* a scrivener at *Fole;* by these it appears plainly which way our gentry destroy themselves.

Cheshire holds out better, because they have their laws at home, and frequent not London much; yet by country trades in this late age, many are crept into handsome estates, as *Robert Hunt*, a Welsh draper in *Shrewsbury*, hath left his son the *Mattfields*, *Rinsley*, and *Froghall*. Your neighbour *Jolley*, (inferior to none,) Lord of *Leek*, half *Chedleton*, *Carswall*, *Crestwood*, *Bothams*, &c. and a pawn in *Ashenhurst's* estate; Mr. *Floyer* of *Hint's* grandfather, a mercer in *Uttoxiter*, Mr. *Parks* of *Willingworth*, his father carried nails on his back, *Biddulph* of

Elmost, from *Litchfield*, Mr. *Matthew Cradock's* father a wool-buyer at *Stafford*, *Hurte* of *Casterne*, his father a lead merchant, *Trigge*, that has built a fair house at *Thorpe*, (near Tamworth,) and left his nephew near £1,000. a year, a mercer at *Leicester*, Mr. *Collier* of *Stone*, Mr. Erdeswick tells you his pedigree, Captain *Orme's* father by grasing *Foley*, *Chetwind* of *Rugely*, and *Goring*, by iron works.

Some few serving men have leapt into handsome estates, which it is hard to do honestly, as Mr. *Lodkin*, *Cotton*, and *Ferers*, of *Crakemarsh*, *Brookes* of *Heseler*, from the stable to his young mistress's bed.

Whitby, *Coleman* of *Connock*, *Barber* of *Tamworth*, &c. and some in all ages, have crept into estates here by the Common Law, tho' the country never made so rich a lawyer as *Brooks* of *Lapley*, *Littleton* of *Pillaton*, *Schrimpshire* a prothonotary, *Harris* a Serjeant-at-Law, of *Croxden*, *Cook* of *Knightly Shilton* of *West Bromwich*, *Adderly* at *Cowns*, Sir *William Stafford* had *Aston*, *Dones*, *Packington*, *Perry Hill*, *Rea Hill*, &c. *Richard James* of *Kynston*, Sir *Richard Dyott* and Mr. *Anson*, and some others of smaller account, but of all these only *Dyott*, *Adderly*, and *Anson*, (that hardly deserves the reputation of a lawyer, being two or three times censured in the Star-Chamber for his knavery or folly), that lived and got their estates in the country.

But that which wonders me most is, that we have no family settled which is either by Bishop or Civil Law from Litchfield, save the fair house and small estate left by *Babbington*, and that *John Dyott*, his predecessor, laid the foundation whereon *Anthony Dyott*, father of Sir *Richard*, raised that estate left to Sir *Richard*.

For the two *Westons*, I know not whether they got or lost, the one by the Common, the other by the Civil Law, for tho' they lived handsomely, they died poor Knights.

Sir, I must now beg your pardon for detaining you thus long,

Your very faithful servant,

22d Feb. 1662. Simon Degge.

THE SEA.

The mean depth of the sea is, according to La Place, from four to five miles. If the existing waters were increased only by one-fourth, it would drown the earth, with the exception of some high mountains. If the volume of the ocean were augmented only by one-eighth, considerable portions of the present continents would be submerged, and the seasons would be changed all over the globe. Evaporation would be so much extended, that rains would fall continually, destroy the harvest, and fruits, and flowers, and subvert the whole economy of nature.

There is, perhaps, nothing more beautiful in our whole system than the process by which the fields are irrigated from the skies—the rivers are fed from the mountains—and the ocean restrained within bounds, which it never can exceed so long as that process continues on the present scale. The vapour raised by the sun from the sea, floats wherever it is lighter than the atmosphere; condensed, it falls upon the earth in water; or, attracted to the mountains, it gathers on their summits, dissolves, and perpetually replenishes the conduits with which, externally or internally, they are all furnished. By these conduits the fluid is conveyed to the rivers which flow on the surface of the earth, and to the springs which lie deep in its bosom, destined to supply man with a purer element.

If we suppose the sea, then, to be considerably diminished, the Amazon, and the Mississippi, those inland seas of the western world, would become inconsiderable brooks; the brooks would wholly disappear, the atmosphere would be deprived of its due proportion of humidity; all nature would assume the garb of desolation; the bird would droop on the wing, the lower animals would perish on the barren soil, and man himself would wither away like the sickly grass at his feet.

He must indeed be incorrigibly blind, or scarcely elevated in the scale of reason above the monkey, who would presume to say, or could for a moment honestly think, when duly informed on the subject, that the machinery by which the process of evaporation and condensation has been constantly carried on upon earth for so many centuries, exhibits no traces of Divine science and power, and especially of benevolence towards the countless beings whose subsistence and happiness absolutely depend upon the circumstance of the waters of the ocean, earth, and air, uniformly preserving the average of their present mutual proportions.—*Quarterly Review.*

TO-MORROW.

How sweet to the heart is the thought of to-morrow,
When hope's fairy pictures bright colours display,
How sweet, when we can from futurity borrow,
A balm for the griefs that afflict us to-day!

When wearisome sickness has taught me to languish
For health, and the comforts it bears on its wing,
Let me hope, O how soon it would lessen my anguish!
That *to-morrow* will ease and serenity bring.

When travelling alone, quite forlorn, unbefriended,
Sweet hope that *to-morrow* my wandering will cease;
That at home, then, with care sympathetic attended,
I shall rest unmolested and slumber in peace.

Or when from the friends of my heart long divided,
The fond expectation with joy how replete;
That from far distant regions, by Providence guided,
To-morrow may see us most happily meet.

When six days of labour, each other succeeding,
With hurry and toil have my spirits oppressed,
What pleasure to think, as the last is receding,
To-morrow will be a sweet sabbath of rest.

And when the vain shadows of time are retiring,
When life is fast fleeting, and death is in sight,
The Christian believing, exulting, aspiring,
Beholds a *to-morrow* of endless delight!

But the Infidel, then, he sees no *to-morrow!*
Yet he knows that his moments are hastening away:
Poor wretch! can he feel, without heart-rending sorrow,
That his joys and his life will expire with to-day!

I must confess that I think there is no scheme of religion, besides that of Christianity, which can possibly support the most virtuous person under the thought of the judgment. Let a man's innocence be what it will, let his virtues rise to the highest pitch of perfection attainable in this life, there will be still in him so many secret sins, so many human frailties, so many offences of ignorance, passion, and prejudice, so many unguarded words and thoughts, and, in short, so many defects in his best actions, that, without the advantage of such an expiation and atonement as Christianity has revealed to us, it is impossible that he should be cleared before his sovereign Judge, or that he should be able to stand in his sight. Our holy religion suggests to us the only means whereby our guilt may be taken away, and our imperfect obedience accepted.

THE LIFE OF BROTHER MARTIN OF JESUS CRUCIFIED,

OF THE ORDER OF THE PASSIONISTS,

Who died in the year of our Lord 1823.

(Continued from page 407.*)*

ALMIGHTY God who is always watchful over his elect, and who, if I may so express myself, desires nothing so much as to see in them an ardent desire of sufferings, knowing what great treasures they are for them when borne for his love, did not long delay to gratify the wish of his faithful servant. After six months of his novitiate he withdrew from him every sensible gust, every sweet interior feeling, except that peace which always gives an upright soul the certainty of being free from all, at least grievous faults. The subtraction, however, of these consolations would have done little towards rendering him like to his crucified Lord whose name he bore, had it not been for the addition of a positive tempest of the most grievous afflictions that it is possible for a soul who truly loves God to experience. And this was exactly what the Divine goodness held in readiness for his servant. Accordingly, he permitted that, like another St. Ignatius, his soul should be cruelly tormented with scruples.

The devil, by the permission of God, began by tempting him, regarding the confessions of his past life, making him fear they were all null and sacrilegious, and consequently, that up to this time he had always been an enemy of God, of that God who shortly before he had experienced to be so good and so worthy of being loved. How great a trouble this distressing fear is to a soul, those only can understand who have been tried by it, and especially to such as have for some time, like him, tasted how sweet is the Lord. It is not surprising that an unfortunate worldling should care little to be in disgrace with God; he has but a base and low idea of the Deity compared with his infinite goodness; but a soul which by a practical knowledge has tasted the Divine sweetness, and has been admitted by God into abundant graces, and to which he has manifested a great part of his adorable attributes, for such a soul to find that she searches in vain for the celestial spouse in the centre of her heart; to find that he has taken his flight, at least, so it appears to her; to feel that she is in enmity with Him, and that she is never more to behold his divine face; Oh! this is indeed the greatest affliction that can befal a creature on earth! and it was precisely that which Martin had to suffer for *many many* months, indeed, for more than a year. He went to his spiritual father, the master of novices, and told him he feared that he had made bad confessions, by reason of a sin, which it appeared to him he had wilfully concealed, whereas there was not the shadow of a fault in it. The master listened to him and chid him, which almighty God probably permitted for the greater affliction of his servant. Seeing his master made great account of what he told him his fears became more and more confirmed, and now his whole conscience was in a revolution, it was a complete chaos in which he saw neither beginning nor end. "Then," said he, "my confessions have all been sacrilegious, and consequently my communions also. How many times then have I acted the part of Judas! Wretch that I am, into what an abyss am I plunged! How shall I be able to withdraw from it? I certainly ought to renew my general confession." But the master who was very prudent in matters of scrupulosity, and very penetrating, would not allow it. Poor young man! He was obliged to go to communion three times a week, and yet he feared he was committing so many sacrileges by receiving. O my God! Thou art so good and so worthy of being loved! and I, instead of loving Thee, am continually offending Thee. Oh, how miserable am I! Not content with the sins I have committed up to this hour, I daily add new ones to them by so many sacrileges! These and still greater were his fears, his lamentations, his heart-rendings, which increased as often as he was obliged to receive the holy communion. Nevertheless, certain it is that almighty God never abandoned him so entirely as to allow him by a false conscience to commit a real sacrilege; particularly, as he has since told me, that in the midst of this dense obscurity he now and then perceived a gleam of hope, and that in retiring into the recesses of his heart he there found a certain peace, the effect of a good conscience; but while his heart clung to God, his imagination and all the inferior faculties seemed to be in convulsion; he could partake of no enjoyment unless during a few brief intervals of relaxation from his anxieties, when they seemed rather smothered than extinct.

In the midst of these troubles, which went on increasing, the term of his novitiate expired, and he made his profession of simple vows, very willingly it is true, but with a thousand anxieties and alarms. He still remained at the novitiate for some time after his profession, and had his patience well tried by Father Bernard, as he on his side with his scruples failed not to exercise that of his master. To practise him in humility Father Bernard used to call him the idoit, but he, instead of resenting it, rather gloried in the title, and one of the first things he said on coming to St. Angelo was that he was called the idiot, which was to me a great subject of edification.

After some time he was sent to the retreat of the Presentation with two other clerics, there to commence the study of philosophy. During his stay there his scruples did not leave him, but on the contrary, rather increased, and the more so as he had to treat much with a Lector, who, though very virtuous, was as full of scruples as himself.

As to his behaviour while he remained in this retreat, we may form some idea of it from the accounts of those who lived with him, and which Father Bernard wrote to me as follows: "I have been assured that at the Retreat of the Presentation,

brother Martin has ever been the most fervent, the most exact in every observance, the most studious, endeavouring to supply for all that was wanting to others, and if he saw a companion inattentive, he exhorted him with an admirable simplicity and charity to be more attentive, saying, that students ought to be the looking-glass of religious observance, and every virtue."

Having been five or six months at the Retreat at the Presentation, he was sent, together with his two companions of studies and another cleric who had just made his profession, to this Retreat of St. Angelo, to continue, or rather commence, the study of philosophy. It was here that I had the consolation of treating with him for two years, and directing his conscience, and also admiring his virtues. These were very apparent from the first, notwithstanding the care he took to conceal them; indeed, the more he endeavoured to do so the brighter did they shine. On my first acquaintance with him I admired his singular modesty, evangelical simplicity, profound humility, exceeding diligence in the fulfilment of every duty, particularly what regarded study, in which he surpassed all by his application and the progress he made in it by means of his rare talents, an incomparable sweetness of manner, a cordiality and charity towards all, which had no limits; in fine, I admired in him an assemblage of virtues which sufficed to give the highest idea of him, and to propose him as an example to his fellow students, and to call him another Berchman, so great was the resemblance between this good Passionist scholar and the young Jesuit scholar. The name of the new Berchman was given him also by others who knew him, and called him so for distinction. In one thing only did Martin differ from Berchman, and that was in his scruples, which agitated him not a little. Finding him, however, so perfectly obedient in every thing, I soon conceived hopes of a speedy cure, as it seemed to me impossible for a truly obedient person to be scrupulous. I undertook, with the divine assistance, the cure of this spiritual infection of scruples, first persuading him to allow himself to be treated as scrupulous, and to submit even to the most severe trials to be delivered from these scruples, that he might afterwards enjoy the peace of the servants and children of God. He promised entire submission to all. After this, whenever he came to my room, (which he invariably did every night and several times in the day,) to recount his doubts, I listened to the whole, and then turned it all into a song, ironically treating whatever he told me. He seeing once, twice, ten, and twenty times that I turned all his difficulties into a joke, began to think that they really must be laughable, and not to make so much account of them as at first, though, nevertheless, he never failed to manifest them. I did not think proper, at first, entirely to forbid his coming to my room for this purpose, lest, instead of curing him, I should at once throw him into despair. I allowed him to come, but mostly let him talk without appearing to make the slightest account of what he said: at other times I would send him away without listening to him, saying that I had not time to hear his foolish tales, for as such he now began to consider them himself, which is no small thing in such a case. By degrees I forbade him to come to me at night except on the eves of communion, which injunction the obedient young man punctually complied with. At last, I forbid his ever coming or speaking on the subjects which principally related to his scruples, giving him this rule, that whenever the devil put into his head that he was in disgrace with almighty God, he should at once look upon it as a real temptation, and offer up the precious blood of our Lord Jesus Christ for the conversion of sinners, intending to renew this offering as often as he was troubled with the above thought. The good youth performed this most exactly, and with evident profit to his soul and loss to the infernal enemy, who saw himself a loser by the very means he hoped to have made his success. But so it is: "All things work together to the good of those who love God."

This pious young man, after having suffered a martyrdom by his scruples, and by them won so many crowns, at length tasted the delightful calm of peace of soul so desirable and so necessary for all in the service of almighty God. One thing must be remarked, viz. that Brother Martin in the midst of the storm of scruples omitted nothing of his obligations, fulfilling all with unexampled punctuality, and contriving to preserve exterior peace and tranquillity, sweetness and cheerfulness, in such a manner, notwithstanding his interior trials, that he was the consolation of all, while himself was the butt of tribulation; an example very rarely met with in any one. Setting aside his scruples for the present, I intend to refer, (for the advantage of young scholars,) to the method of life pursued by Brother Martin during his studies, and how he regulated his daily actions; having come to the knowledge of it not only by observing him, but from a book which he wrote out while here, at St. Angelo, and wherein he arranged what he should do each day. This book would have been lost, had I given him leave, as he begged I would, to throw it into the fire when he saw himself in danger of death, fearing it would pass into other hands, (which he much dreaded,) but which almighty God, contrary to his will, has permitted, that it might be preserved and come into my possession. I shall transcribe it here, as it will greatly serve to show the assiduity and diligence of Brother Martin, and be a guide to young students who should practise the same. It is as follows:

"Of myself I shall not be able to execute so much as a single word of this regulation, but all is possible with the aid of Jesus, and by the prayers of Mary and the saints. As soon as I hear the bell for Matins I will rise instantly, raising my mind to God, and will make a few short ejaculations, begging grace ever to accomplish his most holy will. I will say the Hail Mary on my knees, and ask the

blessing of God and of our Blessed Lady. I will then go to the choir, where, after taking holy water and asking pardon of God for all my offences, I will go to my place and put myself in the divine presence, humbly adore Him, and beg His grace to praise Him with the fervour which He expects from me, offering Him at the same time all the praises He has received from the sacred humanity of Jesus Christ, from the worship of the Blessed Virgin, and all the angels and saints of heaven, and the souls of the just on earth. In reciting the Divine Office I will keep myself in the presence of God, reflecting on what I say, or on the great condescension of our Lord in remaining constantly in the most Blessed Sacrament, or on his most holy passion; and in the lessons I will notice some particular incident in order to imitate it. After the Divine Office, if the discipline be appointed, I will offer it in union with the sufferings and merits of Jesus, for the conversion of sinners and the perseverance of the just. After this, I will thank our Lord for the favour he has done me, in permitting me to praise him. Then I will devoutly recite the five 'Our Fathers' of the vow, with the prayer '*Defend*' &c., begging our Lord will deign to imprint in my heart, and in those of all the faithful, His most sacred passion and the sufferings of His most Blessed Mother. Afterwards I will make a short meditation on these subjects. At the Angelus Domini, I will beg the most holy Mary to obtain for me grace to repair the scandal of worldlings. Going to our cell I will say the prayer, '*Sanctissimæ Virgini.*' I will make an offering to my angel-guardian, and one to St. Joseph; having arrived there, and having begged the blessing of Jesus and Mary, and recited three times the Hail Mary, I will retire to rest, making the act of Contrition, and afterward a short examination. Awaking in the night, I will make acts of the Love of God, &c. In the morning, having done the same as when rising for Matins, and arrived at the choir, I will make acts of Faith, Hope, Charity, and Contrition. On saying Prime and Tierce I will think of the subjects on which I shall afterwards meditate. On Communion days I will think on the ineffable love which God bears His creatures (notwithstanding their many offences against Him), which I shall also do in my immediate preparation, endeavouring to excite in myself sentiments of love towards Him, of humility, &c. Shortly before receiving the Adorable Sacrament, I will offer Him that preparation with which * * * * * and that with which the Blessed Virgin received Him, and that of all the just on earth; begging the most holy Madonna to lend me her heart that I may place our Lord therein; and as soon as I have received Him, begging her likewise to thank Jesus and pray to him for me, for all those for whom it is the will of God that I should pray. Having finished my thanksgiving, and begged the blessing of Jesus, I will meditate on the love of God, or on some part of the passion, often repeating to our Lord: 'Give me, O Lord, Thy love and Thy grace, and that will be sufficient, I ask no more;' and finishing the thanksgiving, I will retire to our cell and say the Litany of the Blessed Virgin, and a Pater to St. Thomas, begging, if such be the will of God, that he will help me to learn.

Having in our cell recited the three Ave Marias, kneeling on my hands for the end already mentioned, and asked our Lord's blessing and that of the Madonna, I will commence my studies, offering them to God with the intention of doing all for his glory; and at every letter offering the merits of Jesus Christ and his most sacred blood, with the dolours and tears of Mary, and the merits of all the saints, for the conversion of poor sinners. When the clock strikes, I will raise my mind to God by some ejaculation, this one most particularly, '*Fiat voluntas tua.*' In going to the school, I will recite an Ave for the master who teaches. Having in the school said the three Ave Marias that are usually said, I will beg grace to understand the instructions, *Si est voluntas Dei.* Should any argument come into my mind, '*Contra vel præter,*' that which the holy Church teaches, and which I either did not know, or of which I could not penetrate the meaning, I will make an offering of myself to the will of God. At the end of school I will return thanks to God, begging grace to make a good use of my studies. Returned to our cell, and having made the particular examine, I will make my spiritual reading, beginning with a page of the holy rule, and asking grace to profit by the reading; at the end I will make a short note of what has particularly struck me.* During my employments I shall recite five Paters, Aves, and Glorias to St. Joseph for the dying. A Pater, Ave, and Credo, with the ejaculation, 'Dulce cor,' &c., 'Meek heart,' &c. After my walk I will go to the choir, and taking holy water, will ask pardon of God for my own sins; then going to my place will adore God and beg grace to recite the Divine Office well; during it I will keep myself in the presence of God, thinking either on the meditation of that morning, or some other subject. After Hours and thanking our Lord, I will go to dinner, making the Spiritual Communion passing before the Most Blessed Sacrament, and renewing my intention of taking my food purely to please Him, saying some prayers on my way for our benefactors. During dinner I will endeavour to be attentive to the reading; and whenever I drink, I will offer the merits of Jesus Christ with his most precious blood, and the tears of Mary, for benefactors in general, and for each one of them. In the church I will say the prayer, Pro Benefactoribus, with the Pater, &c., and Pro fidelibus defunctis, thanking God for the food I have taken, and begging that I may use it for his service. When the Angelus rings, I will recite it; asking the Madonna to repair all the wrongs I may have done to any one. After saluting the Angels, and resolving to watch over my conversation during recreation, I will proceed to it. During recreation I will

* These remarks, which he collected in a little blank book, I shall always carry about with me.

make three acts of mortification in honour of Jesus and Mary and my patron saints. I will repeat a sentence of the most sacred passion of Jesus Christ, and be careful not to offend him during the said recreation in any way whatsoever. When the end of recreation rings, I will retire to our cell to repose. Besides the three Ave Marias which immediately precede it, I shall say a Pater and Ave to my holy patrons, with some other short prayers, while going to sleep. In rising again and going to the choir, the same regulations as for Matins. During Vespers, I shall think of the meditation I am going to make afterwards, or some other. At the end of them, before study, and after study, before, during, and after school, all as in the morning. Walking out, I will say seven Paters and Aves to the holy Madonna del Carmine. Going to the choir for Complin as usual, going to supper, and afterwards at recreation, I will act as in the morning."

Whoever attentively peruses this little regulation of the day, which this pious youth prescribed for himself, must certainly admire his wise discretion in the distribution of his time, and the extreme care he had not to spend a moment of it in vain, but to consecrate the whole of it to the service of that God who bestowed it upon him, for no other end than that by so doing we might merit as many degrees of glory, as instants in its elapsing. Nothing is more precious than time. Of this there is no doubt; and happy the person who practically knows its value, and profits by it, for the securing his eternal salvation, as did our Brother Martin, who so well understood putting it to the best account, by never allowing one instant of it to pass uselessly. Some, at first sight, may perhaps censure his method of reciting the Divine Office, when he says, that during it, he was sometimes thinking of the meditation he was afterwards to make; but there is nothing reprehensible in this, when well considered. This attention which he gave at such times was, that attention to God and holy things, which St. Thomas lays down as the most desirable and most excellent attention in reciting the office, though withal not necessary for it. Indeed, it should generally be understood by those students who read this regulation, that they cannot pretend to compass the whole at once and in all its parts, because this will very often be above their capacity, the exact observance of it requiring, I may say, a more than human attention; for a man should live rather as an angel, than a man, to fulfil all that it prescribes. The youth in question was so great a lover of God, and possessed so extensive and sublime a mind, that he found no difficulty whatever in it. Having familiarised himself with all these things from his infancy, he observed them all, as far as I can understand, in the least point, and besides many other things daily, which are not expressed in the said regulation.

One might, by watching him, have made a very prolix index of holy and virtuous actions, without ever being able to discover the least little action, even the very slightest movement deviating from the path of virtue. This may seem incredible to many readers, but it does not appear so to me, who directed him for two years, during which time I never saw any thing in him deserving of reprehension; neither would it seem incredible to Father Bernard, who asserts that he never noticed any defect committed by him with advertance; the same was also attested by the Fathers of Doctrine, who instructed him at school; Fontarini also declared to me the same thing; likewise his parents and acquaintance, who unanimously attest never to have remarked in him any thing reprehensible, either in word or deed.

(To be continued.)

THEREFORE.

THEREFORE He loves thee not, because He smites?
Ah, little know'st thou of thy FATHER'S ways!
His children share not in the world's delights:
Long nights of grief He sends, and weary days,
When love grows weak, and faith decays.

Therefore He loves thee not? Nay, rather this
His most sure sign, His most kind voice of call;
He will not have thee sleep in earthly bliss,
But bids thee gird thy loins, lest, after all,
Where some have fall'n, thou too should'st fall.

Let not thy fancied *therefore* dream of aid,
Just when thou wilt whose time is always near;
Nor deem *that* love, nor call *that* help, delay'd,
Which came too soon, if sooner it were here:
He will not cause one needless tear.

Lazarus He loved, He loved the sisters twain;
Therefore He left him, all alone, to die:
He loved the Saints that battled with the main;
Therefore, till morn was almost in the sky,
He would not listen to their cry.

If it be Thou, O Blessed Lord, indeed,
Then bid me cross, if needs, this angry sea:
I know Thou canst not into evil lead,
I know no waves too chill and dark can be
O'er which I may but come to Thee!

The devout abbot Servius being one day rudely treated by a clown, not only bore it with great patience, but even replied to him with much sweetness. At which the latter was struck at once with admiration and compunction, and throwing himself at the abbot's feet begged his pardon, and soon after became one of his monks.

Sometimes a single word is sufficient to appease a person infuriated with indignation; and on the other hand, a single word is capable of carrying desolation to a soul, and of causing a bitterness that may be most injurious.—*S. Vincent of Paul.*

The venerable cardinal of Arezzo had appointed a certain morning to hold an ordination, but the candidates for holy orders not coming at the appointed hour, he sent a messenger to seek for them, waiting himself in the mean while with the utmost composure. When at last they arrived, he showed no signs of resentment, but quietly proceeded with the function.

ST. VINCENT'S HOSPITAL.

A word or two, perhaps, may be necessary to explain the subject of the following lines and the incident which gave occasion to them. St. Vincent's Hospital is an establishment of the Sisters of Charity, in Stephen's Green, in the city of Dublin. Two noblemen formerly occupied the mansions which are now united to form the holy Institution above named. The writer on visiting lately this holy dwelling of Charity, was much edified and charmed with an observation of the Rev. Mother, and her words suggested the theme of the subjoined lines:—"This house," said she, "was at one time the residence of two *earthly* lords, but now it is the House of the Lord of *Heaven:* for his children, the poor, are here, and we are their servants, and we shall be very glad if we get into Heaven after them." This heavenly sentiment was worthy of a Sister of Charity.

In Stephen's Green
A pile is seen
Of lordly front and fair,
And records tell
We know full well
The home of wealth *was* there.

And there did Pride
And Birth beside
Long revels erst enjoy,
Bright scenes and gay
The world would say,
Yet not without alloy.

Too oft indeed,
With dazzling speed,
Night's fleeting hours flew on;
Till morning's beam
Its blushing sheen
Flung o'er the giddy throng.

But time passed o'er,
And changes more
Than ever Poet's dream
Could have conceived,
Much less believed,
Came: for the Legend's seen,

Which broad extends
From end to end
Upon the portals wide;
And speaks the tale
That in that Hall
Where grandeur once did 'bide,

There now are seen
The poor and mean,
As men are wont to call;
For Charity
Hath make it be
"St. Vincent's Hospital."

Hail! change Divine,
From guilty Pride
And godless revels wild,
To scenes wherein
The sisters twin
Of Charity most mild,

And humble zeal
Which, for the weal
Of God's own poor, employs
The livelong day
To toil and pray,
And sorrows turn to joys.

'Twas mine to hear,
With raptur'd ear,
The pious ecstasy
Of one who there
A sister's care
Most faithfully doth ply:

Her vows to fill
For love of Him
Who loved us e'en to die.
"Behold," she said,
"The lords of earth
Had once their dwellings high

In this abode,
Where now the Lord
Of heav'n vouchsafes to be.
And gathering here
His children dear,
The Poor—to us he gave

The holiest task
Our souls could ask,
Their varying wants to care.
Too well repaid,"
She meekly said,
"Our labours one and all;

If He, whose love
Came from above
The wandering sheep to call,
Shall deign receive
The toils we give
As servants of His poor!"

Blest Charity!
How sweet must be
Thy recompense elsewhere,
Since joys so bright
Dispel the night
Of man's dark dwelling here!

St. Francis of Sales conducted himself with such sweetness towards all, that without any violence he carried every thing his own way, and accomplished all that he desired; and he accomplished it in a manner at once so gentle, and at the same time so overcoming, that no one could resist the force of his persuasion; and it was sufficient for any one, to look but at his countenance, to become his captive, and that too without preceiving it. He treated all with respect, affectionately received all, and endeavoured to please all with great sweetness and cordiality. And this gave him such a power and influence over hearts, that all yielded him the most perfect compliance. And as he sought to accommodate himself to all, and render himself all to all; so all willingly accomplished his desires, which had no other view than to see all men devoted to the Divine service, and placed in the way of salvation.

St. Francis Xavier treated all with such graciousness and benignity, as inspired every one, both children and older persons, with an affection for him, gaining the hearts of all, and urging them to do whatever he desired.

THE SALE OF LIVINGS &c. IN THE PROTESTANT CHURCH

[An office has lately been opened in London for supplying Rectors and Vicars of the Protestant church with suitable Curates, and Curates with desirable dwellings. We beg to furnish a few of the advertisements which are published from this office, and in some of the newspapers. When livings are as regularly sold in this country as cattle and land, and when most of the clergy are accustomed to think far more about comfortable homes. and good incomes, and marrying and providing for their offspring, than of devoting themselves to the service of the people, first of all, how can we expect England to become Catholic again? The comments on some of these advertisements it must be confessed are from the *English Churchman*.]

"Selling Off."—Proprietary Chapel for Sale.—To be Sold, by Private Contract, a Chapel. The chapel is freehold, and in a population sufficient to form a distinct church after endowment, subject to an original fee-farm rent of 20*l*. The pews are capable of containing 600 persons, besides accommodation for 200 of the poor. It is a handsome and convenient chapel, and considerable sums have been expended in ornamental repairs within a few years. It has been lately occupied by the Rev. E. Tottenham; now of the Rev. E. D. Rhodes. Possession may be obtained at Midsummer next. The organ, *communion-plate*, clock, reading-desks and books, pews and all fittings and fixtures, will be included in the purchase. The purchaser may be accommodated by half the purchase-money remaining on the property at 4*l*. per cent.

For particulars apply to Mr. George Stallard, solicitor, 3, Laura-place, Bath.—Advertisement, *Record*.

Advantage of the Proprietary Chapel System.—A Lay Proprietor of Albemarle Chapel is desirous to dispose of his pew, or to let the same at a rental. It contains *six sittings*, and is *furnished with cushions*, hassocks, and book-box.

Particulars to be had, &c.—Advertisement, *Record*.

"'WANTED, a CURACY, where the Curate would have the sole charge, a house, and 150*l*. per annum. As the Clergyman requiring this curacy is adequate to any duties, and can produce the highest testimonials, *he will not accept of any ineligible Curacy*.—Address No. 11, at the Clerical Registry.'

Modern Notions of Classification.—Periodical Sales, (established in 1803) of Reversions, Life Interests, Annuities, Policies of Assurance, *Advowsons, Next Presentations, Rent-charges in lieu of Tithes*, Post-orbit Bonds, Tontines, Debentures, Ground Rents, Improved Rents, Shares in Docks, Canals, Mines, Railways, Insurance Companies, and all public undertakings.

Messrs.———, respectfully inform the public that upwards of 40 years' experience having proved the *classification* of *this species of property* to be extremely advantageous and *economical* to venders, and equally satisfactory and convenient to purchasers, the Periodical Sales of reversionary interests, policies of insurance, tontines, debentures, *advowsons, next presentations*, all securities dependent upon human life, shares in docks, canals, mines, railways, and all public undertakings, will be continued through 1845, as follow:—

[Here follows eleven dates.]

'The Monthly Advertising Sheet of the Clerical Registry—guaranteed monthly circulation among the clergy three thousand copies.'

"This brilliant ecclesiastical journal presents, in close juxtaposition and most effective grouping, all the differences, separations, rivalries: all the schools of opinion, and the varieties and shades of these schools, and the shades of the shades, that now colour the Church. This religious disunion and party strife receives a happy secularizing touch from a long three or four columns of 'Advowsons and next Presentation to sell.' And, above the whole varied landscape, rises, in significant serenity, a decided and unanimous predilection for 'comfortable parsonage-houses.' Sir, I do not wish to say any thing severe of any parties in the English Church,—even those who are represented in the 'Monthly Advertising Sheet of the Clerical Registry;' but I merely state a fact in remarking, that the latter is the only point about which a perfect unanimity seems to exist in the theologians of the 'Registry.' There is a consensus of divines as to the importance and expediency of 'good stabling,' 'good garden,' 'coach-house,' and 'plenty of bed-rooms.' Clergymen who have these to offer, enlarge upon their merits, in the place of alluding to any further remuneration.

"'WANTED, by a Curate of one of the largest parishes in Ireland, a CURACY in England. *As his standing in the Church, testimonials, &c., are of the first character, he will not except any inferior Curacy*.—Address No. 118, at the Clerical Registry.'

The following is a Liverpool circular.

"House, Land, and General Agency Office;"

And it proceeds to state, as if it were a matter of course, that such an office is—

"For the purchase, sale, or exchange of Livings, Advowsons, and next Presentations; Selling and Letting Houses and Lands; Disposing of Medical Practices, Schools, and all classes of Professional and Business Interest."

The proprietors proceed to state, with an *apparent* generosity, "that they give their Agency *free of expense*, to all parties *purchasing* Clerical *Interests* (of any class)." In other words, the seller pays the Commission.

But the worst is yet to come:—

"Messrs. ——— also beg leave to state that they *supply* the Nobility, Clergy, and Gentry, with *all the undermentioned persons*, free of expense.

Curates or Tutors, Finishing resident Governesses, or Tutors, Visiting ditto, Second-class ditto, Professor of Languages, Amanuenses, Drawing Masters, Dancing Masters," &c. &c.

The Nobility, Clergy, and Gentry *supplied* with Curates and Dancing Masters! Imagine a somewhat equivocally-dressed gentleman walking into the office of Messrs. ——— and being asked whether he wants a Curate or a Dancing Master.

"'WANTED, by a Rector in a Midland County, a PERMANENT CURATE. He must be a man of fortune, and *be satisfied with one of the most beautiful Parsonages, grounds, &c., in exchange for his Services*. He must also take the furniture, carriage, horses, &c., at a fair valuation. *One condition is essential, viz., that he be a sincerely pious man, and devoted to his Clerical Duties*.—Address, No. 116, at the Clerical Registry.'

"The introduction of the topic of 'piety,' at the end of the enumeration, should be observed and appreciated. The writer had evidently forgot it till he came to the end of his advertisement, and paused, with pen in hand, and, 'Let me see, what else? I have got down "man of fortune"—"furniture"—"carriage—horses—to be taken at a fair valuation." Let me see—what else? Oh! piety of course. How extraordinary that I should have forgot it! Piety should always be attended to.—*One condition is essential, viz. that he be a sincerely pious man.*'

"The accommodations of a comfortable, well-furnished rectory,'—'of a comfortably furnished house, with several bed-rooms,'—of a 'house most beautifully situated, garden, stable, and two maid-servants,' are alternately solicited and offered. And the editor of the 'Registry' finally addresses his incumbent contributors:

"'INCUMBENTS having comfortable Parsonage Houses, either Furnished or Unfurnished, and who desire to meet with highly respectable Curates to take the sole charge of the parishes in which these houses are situate, may meet with those Curates in many cases without any stipend, and in others with only small ones being required, on application by letter (pre-paid) to "The Director of the Clerical Registry, 14, Surry-street, Strand;" *the* chief desire *of the Clergymen in question being to find comfortable Parsonage Houses.*'

"With respect to the religious opinions of these parties, one man describes himself as 'a Clergyman of great respectability, great experience, and *wholly orthodox views, but not a Tractarian*.' That is his character. His wants are, 'a very desirable curacy, with a small neat house and garden, free of rent and taxes, in a rural, healthy, and sheltered situation.' One incumbent describes himself as simply 'Evangelical,'

another as 'Evangelical, but not Calvinistic:' another, as of 'moderate, but orthodox views:' another as '*a sound Churchman, but Evangelical in sentiment*;' another, as holding '*opinions at once High Church and Evangelical.*' The coarser shades are that of 'a decided anti-Tractarian,' a 'decided Evangelical.' Another is more liberal, and 'will exchange duty for one, two, or three months *with any pious Clergyman.*' Various recommendations go along with the expressions of sentiment on the part of applicants. One man 'has a good voice, and is an acceptable preacher.' Another 'prefers preaching extemporaneously.' Those who have 'high testimonials,' give out, with a considerably peremptory tone, their determination to have the full benefit of them.

Let us add another advertisement although not connected with the sale of a living.

A striking illustration of this has just come before us. In a recent number of the *Record* we find the following advertisement placed very prominently:—

"Genesis xxxii. 10.

ON FRIDAY, Jan. 24. (D. v.) the Rev. THOMAS MORTIMER, B. D., will PREACH a SERMON, at *his* CHAPEL, in Gray's-inn-lane, *on occasion of his completing the Fiftieth Year of his Age.* Divine Service to begin at Seven o'Clock in the evening."

All the metropolitan readers of the *Record* are thus invited to come and hear the wonderful and important announcement that the Reverend THOMAS MORTIMER, Bachelor of Divinity, has completed his fiftieth year! Why so has every fifth clergyman one meets; and what then? It may, however, be alleged that as the chapel is 'his' (by rather a questionable process we believe) Mr. MORTIMER may do what he likes with his own. To which we reply, that he was ordained to preach the Gospel, not to preach himself. The only other anniversary contained in the Gray's-inn-lane Chapel Calendar, is that of Guy Fawkes, we believe. The Calendar of the Prayer-book is of course treated as a superstitious legacy of our forefathers. What are SS. Peter and Paul to SS. Guy Fawkes and Thomas of Gray's-inn-lane? What are the Church's saints compared with those which men in the present day made for themselves, and *of themselves*?

THE FORCE OF LIGHTNING.

A PERSON may be killed by lightning, although the explosion takes place at the distance of twenty miles, by what is called the back-stroke. Suppose that the two extremities of a cloud, highly charged with electricity, hang down towards the earth, they will repel the electricity from the earth's surface, if it be of the same kind with their own, and will attract the other kind: and if a discharge should suddenly take place at one end of the cloud, the equilibrium will instantly be restored by a flash at that point of the earth which is under the other. Though the back-stroke is often sufficiently powerful to destroy life, it is never so terrible in its effects as the direct shot, which is frequently of inconceivable intensity. Instances have occurred in which large masses of iron and stone, and even many feet of a stone wall, have been conveyed to a considerable distance by a stroke of lightning. Rocks and the tops of mountains often bear the marks of fusion from its action, and occasionally vitreous tubes, descending many feet into banks of sand, mark the path of the electric fluid. Some years ago, Dr. Fielder exhibited several of these fulgorites in London, of considerable length, which had been dug out of the sandy plains of Silesia and Eastern Prussia. One found at Paderborn was forty feet long. Their ramifications generally terminate in pools or springs of water below the sand, which are supposed to determine the course of the electric fluid. No doubt the soil and substrata must influence its direction, since it is found by experience, that places which have been struck by lightning are often struck again. A school-house in Lammer-Muir, in East Lothian, has been struck three different times.

VANITY OF WORLDLY THINGS.

WHERE are now the famed potentates whose power extended over almost the whole earth? Who is it that has made them descend from their lofty height, and despoiled them of all their treasures? Whither are gone those vaunted heroes, whose achievements drew forth such expressions of admiration; those learned prodigies of acquirement, whose writings are spread to the remotest corner of the globe; those sublime orators, who decided the decrees of senates at their pleasure? Ask where are the proud, the rich, the voluptuous, the young? where those haughty nobles, those hard masters, who so rigorously required such implicit obedience? Ask the earth—she will show you the places where they lie. Interrogate the tomb—it will tell you the narrow space in which their bodies are compressed. Their bodies? Do they then still exist? Perhaps a handful of dust may remain of each.

But whilst all around us thus passes away, whilst everything escapes us, the kingdom which shall not pass away, draws nigh. So many revolutions, such a continual flux and reflux of human things, this perpetually changing scene of a fleeting world, all point to the end towards which we are hastening our steps. It is the voice of the Bridegroom who calls us to the marriage-feast, and by his reiterated warnings, urges us to walk accordingly. You, who are deaf to this voice, who remain buried in the mire of earthly things, go down yet lower, and what will you find?—the grave which is waiting for you, and into which you must descend, whether you will or not. Already Death stands at your side, ready to fall upon you, and drag you into it, as he has done with those who have preceded you.—ST. EPHRAIM—*Book of the Fathers.*

PERSEVERANCE IN THE PURSUIT OF KNOWLEDGE.

LET it not suffice us to be book-learned, to read what others have written, but let us ourselves examine things as we have opportunity, and converse with nature as well as books. Let us endeavour to promote and increase this knowledge, and make new discoveries, not so much distrusting our own parts, or despairing of our own abilities, as to think that our industry can add nothing to the invention of our ancestors, or correct any of their mistakes. Let us not think that the bounds of science are fixed like Hercules' pillars, and inscribed with a *ne plus ultra.* Let us not think we have done, when we have learnt what they have delivered to us. The treasures of nature are inexhaustible. Here is employment enough for the vastest parts, the most indefatigable industries, the happiest opportunities, the most prolix and undisturbed vacancies. Seneca hath said, "The people of the next age shall know many things unknown to us; many are reserved for ages then to come, when we shall be quite forgotten—no memory of us remaining. The world would be a pitiful small thing indeed, if it did not contain enough for the inquiries of the whole world." And, again, "Much work still remains, and much will remain; neither to him that shall be born after a thousand ages, will matter be wanting for new additions to what hath already been invented." Much might be done would we but endeavour, and nothing is insuperable to pains and patience. A new study, at first, seems very vast, intricate, and difficult; but, after a little resolution and progress, after a man becomes a little acquainted with it, his understanding is wonderfully cleared up and enlarged, the difficulties vanish, and the thing grows easy and familiar. And, for our encouragement in this study, observe what the Psalmist saith, *The works of the Lord are great, sought out of all them that have pleasure therein,* which though it be principally spoken of the works of Providence, yet may as well be verified of the works of creation.

ST. JOHN'S SEMINARY
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